HONEST

Hodge & Ralph

Holding a ſober

DISCOURSE,

In Anſwer to

A late Scandalous and Pernicious Pamphlet,

CALLED, A

DIALOGUE

Between the

POPE and a PHANATICK

Concerning Affairs in *ENGLAND.*

Written by a Perſon of Quality.

LONDON,

Printed for *John Kidgell* at the *Atlas* in *Cornhill*, near the *Royal Exchange.* 1680.

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Advertiſement to the Reader.

THE Dialogue *between the* Pope *and a* Phanatick, *&c. is a* Pamphlet *of ſuch a* pernicious deſign *that I am ſure all* honeſt men *will have the* laſt averſion *for it; and certainly the* Author *of it, whoever he be, muſt be a* Man *of the moſt* hardened effrontery *in the World. It is a perfect* reſolution *to attempt the* change *of the* preſent Government, *by putting the* whole Nation *into a* Flame, *and, to be ſure, nothing leſs than a* Romiſh Conſtitution *will ſerve* his *turn, that durſt to write ſo* impudent *a* Book, *and ſo* ſcandalouſly reflecting *upon the* King, *the* Parliament, *the* Church, *and the* People *of* England. *This is to lay* open *to you the* groſſneſs *of it, and to ſhew you the* ſubtle artifices *he makes uſe of, whereby to* inſinuate *himſelf into the minds of the* Eaſie *and* Credulous, *and to gain over* Proſelytes *to him: But, though all his aims are to raiſe* heats *and* diviſions *among us, yet, I hope we ſhall be ſo* wiſe, *as to* Counterplot *his* Stratagems, *and* defeat *him in his* Politicks; *and the more He, and ſuch* Turbulent Spirits, *that are like himſelf, ſhall indeavour to* irritate *and* provoke *us by all the ways they can invent, to* Claſhings *and* mutinies *within our ſelves, ſo by* degrees *to bring us up to a* Civil-VVar *again, as in* forty one; *I ſay, the* more *theſe things ſhall be* indeavoured *by men of ſuch* ill *and* deſtructive Principles *to the* good *of the* State, *the* more *we ſhall make it our* chief buſineſs *and* Study *to live in* peace, *and in* Brotherly Love *and* kindneſs *one towards another: This is the readieſt way to* daſh *all their* deſigns *in* pieces *and to keep our ſelves* ſe-

cure *from the* effect *of their* wicked *and* induſtrious malice *againſt us, let us then take up* unanimouſly *the ſaying of the* Poet;

Nulla ſalus Bello, Pacem te poſcimus omnes :

and be quiet, *in* ſpight *of all their* vigorous attempts *to make us* otherwiſe, *holding* faſt *our* Faith *in the* Eſtabliſhed Religion, *and* maintaining a ſteady, Loyal, *and* conſtant obedience *to the* King, *whom* God Almighty *long* preſerve *to rule over us.*

I am to inform you that there have been two Impreſſions *of this* Dialogue, *one of three ſheets and a half, the other of two ſheets and a half; and that* none *may be* deceived, *and think I have* injured *him by* miſquoting, *I muſt tell you, I only ſaw the latter of them and I have follow'd thoſe figures in directing you to him: And here, (according to Mr.* Hobbes's *train of thoughts,) I cannot but take notice how faſt, and how many of ſuch a baſe* Pamphlet *as this ſhall be bought up, when perhaps ſeveral* others *that are* writ *with* truth *and* honeſty, *and a* generous deſign *to do the* Nation *publick* ſervice, *ſhall ſcarce* ever *be* inquired *after. Methinks, it is but an* ill omen, *and that the* Generality *of mens minds want a good* Eſtabliſhment. *But if we were but once well ſettled, and firmly reſolved,* junctis viribus *to oppoſe our Common Enemy, we ſhould quickly ſee the* plotting Jeſuit would fly away from us, like a wild Colt in a paſture at the ſight of a Bridle or a Halter.

An

An Answer to the Dialogue between the Pope and a Phanatick, &c.

Hodg. RAlph, How is't? How goe all squares in this world? *The Greeting.*

Ralph. 'Troth, not well, I think the *Devil's* in the shuffling of the *Cards.*

Hodg. What, becauſe you can get ne're a *Court* one to turn up trump yet?

Ralph. Thou ſay'ſt right, I can ſee ne're a *good Face* in the whole *pack* for me.

Hodg. O ho, *Ralph*! thou muſt wait thy time, I warrant thee promotion before thou dy'ſt, if thou wilt obſerve my method.

Ralph. Why, Ay, That's it I would be at indeed; but I want your pregnant parts, and that *reaching, diving head-piece* of yours. Thou haſt got a *trouling fancy.* Ah *Hodge*! what a *Prince* ſhould I be, had I thy *Abilities*——thy pate is juſt like an old Womans Leather Chaps, that have loſt their *grinders*, and is troubled with the *Palſie*, ſo far, that it never lies ſtill, but is *perpetually working*; and there's always ſome good coming on't too.

Hodg. Why, ye Rogue you, how doſt think that is?--- reading, reading, man, has gain'd it——ſince this *damnable Popiſh Plot* has been diſcovered, there have come out ſo many notable *good* and *bad Books* on all ſides, that I vow to thee I am become ſublime like a *Philoſopher*; can hold out *pro* and *con* with the beſt of them, and if I *What an excellent thing reading is.*

pleas'd, could make this pass for a meer *sham plot* on the *Papists* part, and effectually turn it over, and cast it upon the *Presbyterians* —— Ah, *Ralph*, The world should see with half an eye, *i'faith*, they were all in't for Cakes and Ale, had I but once a mind to it.

Ralph. Why, hark you, hark you, *Hodge*, is not the *Popish Plot* over yet? I thought only the *Presbyterian* was now on foot; we have had no talk of the other in our parts this I know not how long.—— All our *Fears* and *Jealousies* of late have been left we were running post to the *years* of *Forty one*, and those times; and I'm sure that has seem'd to be the design of most of our *Pamphlets* for these two Months at least.

They'd fain possess our heads with the years of 41, &c. to make us forget these of 79. 80, &c.

Hodg. Nay, then I perceive thou understand'st nothing —— why so things should be *carryed*, you *Fool* you, if ever people mean to have their *Designs* take *effect*. VVhat! would you have them *plot* and *tell* too?

Ralph. No, but as I would not have them such *Fools*, if they were *plotting* as to *tell*, so neither ought they on the other hand, to be such Villains, such *Devils Incarnate* as to *hatch* and *hatch* on, and in the mean time by such confounded *lying Anticipations* to make us believe *they* are *innocent*, and that *those* who *really* are so, are most *notoriously guilty*.

Hodg. VVhoo! that's nothing with the *Papists*, —— that man deserves a *thousand Gibbets*, and the *Eternal Torments* of a *Spanish Inquisition*, that won't *lye* and *swear*, Ay, and *damn* himself too, if he should be put to't, for the *promotion* of any good *Roman Catholick* Cause.

Thousands will rather consent to damn themselves, than betray their Cause.

Ralph. O Lord bless us all! you scare me —— why, will any man knowingly be willing to *damn* his Soul for the *trifle* of any *earthly Cause* in *this World*?

Hodg. Ay, Ay, there be thousands that will, rather than have their *Cause* betray'd —— what a goodly piece of

of buſineſs is't for a man deſignedly, upon a *publick account*, and for the *ſake* of *Religion*, to run his Soul into *Hell-fire*, when he's ſure to be *catalogued* for a *Martyr* and *Saint* here immediately, and after a little *frying* with the *Devil* and ſo, not worth the ſpeaking of, ſhall, with the leaſt whiſtle imaginable of his *holy* and *merciful Father* the POPE, be releaſt out of thoſe *Torments*, and ſent to rights up to *Heaven*, and made a ſeven-fold more *glorious Star* in *Paradiſe*? O *Ralph*, this is the way to gain well in *both Worlds*.

For it is no thing, the Pope can releaſe them when he pleaſes.

Ralph. Much good may do 'em with their *penny-worths*, I will never envy them their *imaginary Felicity* —— my good *Genius* make me *plain*, *honeſt*, *and ſimple*, I ſay, and let them be *crafty*, *intriguing*, and *be damn'd*, if they will.

Hodg. Thou ſay'ſt well, and like a *Chriſtian*, *Ralph*, and though it be an unfaſhionable thing now a-days, this *down-right-honeſty*; yet I had rather *undecently* go to *Court* without my *Perriwig*, than I would appear there *brave* and *gallant*, and be forced to play the doublets of a *Jonathan* and a *Judas*.

Down-right honeſty very unfaſhionable now a-days.

Ralph. I think ſo, o' my Conſcience ——but *prythee now*, why doſt uſe that Unmanly Expreſſion; can no body be a Friend there, unleſs they are *Treacherous* too, and *ſupplanting*?

Hodg. Troth, hardly; that deſign *greatneſs*, and as the word is, to make any conſiderable figure in *White-Hall*.

Ralph. Oh ſtrange!

Hodg. They live by *tripping* up one anothers *heels*.—— He that has the largeſt and moſt myſterious *Politick fetches* in him, that can *Countermine* ſmoothly, and manage his own private *deſigns* with the ſlyeſt and moſt inſinuating Artifice and Addreſs, is moſt likely to be THE man at *Court*.

How Courtiers are like meer Peggs.

Ralph. Then *Courtiers* are juſt like *meer Peggs*?

Hodg.

Hodg. For all the World: The *One* is *driven* out by the *Greater Force* of the *other*; and he's *fast* in for a while, till a *stronger* comes and *bolts* at him, and *thrusts* him out of his *place*.

Ralph. Good lack!——but well, as we were talking before;—must not we believe the *Books* that are every day coming out, and proving it to us as plain as the Nose on our Faces, that the *Presbyterians* at the least have *two Hands and a Foot* in *This* (that they call the) *horrid Popish Plot*?

Somewhat ticklish to speak any thing well of Phanaticks.

Hodg. I know not, for it's a *ticklish thing* to speak the *least word* that may seem incling to *favour them*. They say, they have *suck'd* all their *poison* from the *Jesuits*, and are now grown up to be such *Masters* in improvement, that they *out-shoot* their Fathers in their own principles *two Barrs* and a *half*.

Ralph. Indeed so they are look'd upon, to be most *pestilent Enemies* both to *Church* and *State*.—But how far they are concern'd in this Plot, methinks, I can't yet discover; and, I tell you but so, if they are in't, they are the *Devil and all* at managing their *designs*.——That they should n't be yet once *trapped* all this time!

Not sufficient yet prov'd to make Persons believe they are in this Plot.

If they be, may they all suffer that deserve it.

Hodg. Come, I know not; it may be I may be counted one of their *Flock* in having so charitable an Opinion of them as to this matter; but I can't help it, and I must say, that nothing has been proved upon 'em yet sufficient to make me believe any such thing against them: and to tell you truly my thoughts of them at this present, I do believe, they never, generally speaking, (for you know there are some *bad people* of *all perswasions*, and let *them* that are so, whoever they be, *suffer* in *Gods* name, as they shall be *detected*;) I say, they never carried themselves more *peaceably*, and with *greater guard* and *circumspection over* all their words than now, since the *Noise* of this *most Hellish*

liſh Plot: But if any of them can be juſtly accuſed for *covert evil Actions*, in the leaſt tending to the *diſturbance* of the *peace* and *quiet* of the *State*, *fiat Juſtitia*, *currat lex*; I wiſh with all my heart, ſo impartial am I, not one of the *really guilty* may eſcape their *deſerved puniſhment*.

Ralph. Why then mark me: Thou art either very *obſtinate*, and *hardened* in thy *Unbelief*, or elſe haſt never met with thoſe *Pamphlets* that I have *read* within theſe *few days*.

Hodg. I think I am as *eaſie* of *belief* as thou art, of things that may *rationally* be *believed*: And to make it out to thee that I am ſo; You ſhall ſee, if any body can but *half ſo clearly* prove upon the *Preſbyterians*, the *third part* of what has been *fairly* and *undenyably* proved upon the *Papiſts*, witneſs their own confeſſions after tryal, of a moſt *Treaſonable* and *bloudy deſign* againſt the *Kings moſt Sacred Perſon*, and to *alter the Religion* eſtabliſhed by Law, and to *Subvert the Government*: I ſay, if any of all this can be proved upon them, you ſhall ſee I will as readily *believe* them, as *villainous Traytors* as the *blackeſt* yet that e're have *ſuffer'd*: But do y' think I'll *pin* my *Faith* upon the *Sleeve* of every ſcandalous, idle *Pamphlet*, that is *writ* by ſome of their *kept hirelings* for that *purpoſe*, only to *amuſe* the *world*, and, if it be poſſible, to ſet us altogether by the Ears?

Ralph. Is that their *deſign*? to *divide* us among *our ſelves*?

Hodg. Yes, yes, that ſo we might do their *drudgery* for them; cut our own *throats* out of a *complying reſpect* to 'em, becauſe we won't put them to the trouble on't—This muſt needs be the very *drift* and *end* of that moſt *pernicious Pamphlet* that came out lately, intituled, *a Dialogue between the Pope and a Phanatick, concerning the Affairs in England*.

The main drift of the Dialogue between the Pope and a Phanatick, concerning the affairs in England.

Ralph.

Ralph. The very same *Book* I was going to speak of to you; I read it *Saturday* night last, and it made almost my hair stand an end to see the abominable things the *Phanaticks* were there guilty of.

'Tis an aspersing of the whole Church of England.

Hodg. The *Phanaticks*! Why it is a perfect aspersing of all the *Church of England*, man: And though it seems to *complement* her, yet in truth it is only the *more foully* to *bespatter* her with greater *fineness* and *subtlety*: In my Judgment 'tis one of the most *abominable pieces* I ever yet read.

At the bottom of the Ti-Page.

Ralph. How can all this be, since it is writ (as he says) *by a hearty Lover of his Prince and Country*?

Hodg. Ay, ay, the Title-page of a Book may now a dayes say any thing, that's only to make it pass more plausibly; what *Origen* sayes to *Celsus* speaking of the *Egyptian*'s sacred places of Worship, may be very well applied here. *When you approach their sacred places*, saith he, *ye shall meet with stately groves, Chapels and Temples with magnificent Gates; also with variety of mysterious Ceremonies: But when once you are entred and got within their Temples, ye shall behold nothing but a Cat, or an Ape, a Crocodile, Goat, or Dogg, whereto they pay the most solemn Veneration.* So look upon the *first leaf* of the most *dangerous Pamphlet* that e're yet shew'd its face to the world, and you shall find nothing but the smoothest and most *delicate flourishes* imaginable; but *dipp further* into him, and there you shall see *ugly Monsters* of *Malicious fancy* spitting out their *loathsome Venome* to poison and *infect* the *credulous*: These persons very well deserve the same reproof that a late ingenious and noble writer gave a rigid *Prædestinarian*, affirming that God delighted (as our Author must needs) in the death of Mankind; *Speak worse of the Devil if you can*, says he. I am confident none can speak worse, if not *of* the *King*, I'm sure of *Parliament*, *Church*, and *People*, than this rancorous *Dialoguer*.

Mr. Blounts Anima mundi. *pag.* 6.

Id. ibid.

Ralph.

Ralph. Prithee good *Hodge*, let us take him *in pieces* a little, and ſee what he'll make then.

Hodge. With all my heart; but we have had of late ſo many *Drolls* come out of this kind, that I proteſt I'm quite weary of that *Vein*, and therefore I'll betake my ſelf to plain *Engliſh* ſeriouſneſs, now ſo much out of *mode*, and turnd to *Redicule*.

Ralph. And I'll as *gravely liſſen*, as if I were to paſs the *definitive ſentence* upon your *Diſcourſe*.

Hodg. And firſt of all, to ſpeak of the *general deſign* of this *Book*; though to outward appearance it ſeems only to rail againſt the *Presbyterians* and *Sectaries*, yet in truth it is a ſcandalous *Libel*, levell'd at the whole *Circle* of the *Orthodox Clergy*; and, no doubt is writ *by a hearty lover of the Tripple Crown.*

The general deſign of the aforementioned Dialogue.

Ralph. Of his Prince and Country, you mean.

Hodg. No, No, that's *a Sham*, I tell ye; you forget, why your great ſticklers for *Rome*, can put on all *ſhapes*, act all *parts*, and are fit for all *employments*, and think nothing comes amiſs to them, ſo they can by any wayes promote their own *Cauſe*. About two years ago, That *Whitebread* who was lately executed for being ſo deep in the Plot, was a mighty *holder forth* among the *Quakers*, as I have been told.

Papiſts can act all parts for the better carrying on any wicked deſigns.

Whitebread formerly a Preacher among the *Quakers*.

Ralph. What! will they *become all things to all men?*

Hodg. Ay, if they ſee they can gain any thing by the bargain — But as I was ſaying; the main deſign now is to put an end to all further diſcourſe of this moſt *accurſed Plot* of the *Papiſts*, and to *Father* a new one on the *Presbyterians*. They ſee that all *ſober moderate men* of what *titles* or *denominations* ſoever, are fully

They'd fain ſtifle all talk of a Popiſh, to father a new Plot on the *Presbyterians*.

bent againſt ſetting up of *Popery*, and would all *unanimouſly* join in one body, to *oppoſe* and *down* with it; as *they themſelves* are *vigorous one way*, ſo *theſe* puſh *Deviliſh hard* the *other*, as their *common intereſt* does ſtrictly oblige them; and therefore the Only courſe that's left 'em now is to try to *break* 'em: Now as it would be too *bare faced* publickly *in print* to deſame and cry out againſt the *Church of England* as it is eſtabliſhed *by Law*, and would not only too notoriouſly reveal them, but too highly (and juſtly) incenſe the *King*, be a means utterly to extinguiſh his Mercy towards them, and to awaken all his *Laws*, if not to ſharpen them with new ones more ſevere, againſt them, they *avoid* that *Rock*, and content themſelves with *ſecret whiſpers* at *Coffee-Houſes*, *meetings*, and other *Clubs*, where they will be ſure to *riggle* themſelves in and make One; there they'll tell them; "Well "we ſee plainly enough which way all things are go- "ing now; notwithſtanding all our endeavours, *Po-* "*pery* will get the better on us; Alas! our *Biſhops*, "what are they; but meer *Romaniſts* at *Core*, and the "*leading Clergy*? (and you know they carry all be- "fore 'um now,) abſolutely *Church Papiſts*: What "makes them, d'ye think, ſtickle ſo elſe to get into "*Commiſſions* and *Juſtice-ſhips*, but only that they "might the more ſecurely *hamſtring* us? We may "e'en very well *ſhut* up our *Shops*, and *betake* our "ſelves to our *arms*, for *trading* is gone, and every "thing elſe is *ſinking* as faſt as 't can; we are *in-* "*evitably* ruin'd and undone, unleſs *Mercifull Pro-* "*vidence* ſteps in, and almoſt works a *Miracle* "for us.

They dare not too much openly aſperſe the Ghurch of *England*, for fear of the Kings utmoſt anger againſt them.

But they get into Coffee-houſes, and there rail at 'em to purpoſe.

Sad times.

Ral.

Ral. But hark you, can't a body eaſily find out ſuch a *Black Dog Underminer*.

Hodg. No, no, he layes the dawb of his *Hypocriſie* ſo thick, it is impoſſible to ſee through it: he'd go near to *trick* the *Devil* at his own art of *baldernoing*.

Ral. Well, and I ſuppoſe this is to enrage the Sectaries againſt the *Church men*.

Hodg. Thou tak'ſt me right. Then they venture to print any thing in the World againſt the *Phanaticks*, and rail like the *Devil in Hell* at them; they care not what *damn'd Lyes* they *invent*, and *beſpatter* them with, to make them *Odious*: they tell you they are a *hundred times* worſe than *Papiſts*, and eſpecially more *dangerous Enemies* at this day; for a *Roman Catholick*, if he dares but to peep his head out, he's preſently *nab'd* by ſome Zealouſly *Officious Juſtice* or other, and ſent to *Scurvy durance*; whereas *theſe* appear like *Swarming Locuſts*, almoſt covering the face of the whole Earth, and enjoy all the *peace* and *quietneſs* that any *honeſt heart* can wiſh for; but yet they cannot *ceaſe* from *Plotting*; No, this proud Beaſt [*Hierarchy*] muſt be brought low: No meſs of *par-boyl'd Popery*, as a very ingenious Gentleman makes them call the *Common Prayer Book*, muſt be indured in *God's Sanctuary*, the *Calves of Bethel* and the *High places* muſt be taken away, and *the work of the Lord muſt go on proſperouſly in their hands*.

They print any Lies in the world againſt the *Phanaticks*, to blacken them as much as they can.

And always endeavouring to bring them into the Plot.

Ral. And all this is to ſtir up *Commotion* and *Rebellion*, is it not, *Hodge?*

Hodg. Yes, Yes, to foment *Fears* and *Jealouſies* in the *people*, to ſtir them up to *mutinies* and *claſh-*

ings one party againſt another, and to *embroil* the whole *Nation*. But I hope *God Almighty* will ſo order it that none of theſe deſigned *libellous forgeries* ſhall be able to diſturb our *Unity*. And I think, ſince the *King* hath commanded us, by his *Act of Oblivion*, to forget the actions of the *late former times*, it would be put a piece of *dutifull good manners* in us to leave off *contracting our hearts with envy and Malice to each other, by any ſharp memory of what hath been unneighbourly or unkindly done heretofore*. For otherwiſe *it is but to rebel againſt the perſon of the King, againſt the Excellent example and vertue of the King*, and againſt the very *Act* it ſelf.

The King commanded us by the Act of Oblivion to forget things done formerly.

And therefore not to do ſo, is to rebell both againſt his Perſon and Example.

Ral. That was a very good *Act*, to put an end to all *Differences* and *heats* among *perſons*, and to ſettle *peace* and *love* and *concord*.

Hodg. Ay, *Ralph*, ſo the *King* thought, no queſtion, when he ſaid, *that happy Act was the principal corner ſtone which ſupported this excellent building, that created kindneſs in us to each other; and Confidence is our Joint and Common Security*. Therefore, ſayes he further, *You may be ſure, I will not only obſerve it Religiouſly, and inviolably my ſelf, but alſo exact the obſervation of it from others: and if any perſon ſhould ever have the boldneſs to attempt to perſwade me to the contrary, he will find ſuch an Acceptation from me, as he would have, who ſhould perſwade me to burn* Magna Charta, *Cancell all the old Laws, and to erect a new Government after my own Invention and appetite*.

The King calls it a Happy Act.

Confidence our joint and common Security.

How inviolably the King will obſerve it, and how angry he would be with any that ſhall dare to perſwade him to the contrary.

Ralph. But why does he make the *Pope* and the *Phanatick* ſuch *Cater-Cozins*? I thought verily they had been the moſt *bitter Enemies* one to another that were in the World.

Hodg.

Hodg. O' my conſcience ſo they are, the *Pope* hates the *Phanatick*, as much, as we ſay *the Devil hates Holy water*; he would damn him and all his *Heretical Fry*, Souls and Bodyes of them, if it lay in his Power. They are the moſt *termagant Creatures*, the veryeſt *Bull-Dogs* that ever yet he grappled with. O, his fingers *itch* to be at their *bloods*! and becauſe he would have the World hate them as implacably as *himſelf* does, he has taken this Courſe of joyning 'em with *himſelf*, and has given them ten times the *worſe face* of the *two*: all this is nothing but *Maſquerading*, if he could, to gain over the *Church of England men* to him, and to make them join in the *Concert*, of *damning* the *Presbyterians* to the *loweſt pit of Hell*. For if he cannot *diſtract* and *break* us, he will never *overthrow* and *deſtroy* us.

The Pope and *Phanatick* bitter enemies to each other.

Ral. What then, you think the *ſober*, *moderate party* of the *Church of England*, and the *peacable quiet party* of the *Phanaticks*, are in pretty good *Intelligence* together?

All moderate men are pretty well agreed together.

Hodg. If they be not, I'm ſure they had need to be; for it is not the *Papiſts* aim, whatever their outward pretenſions may be, only to purifie the *Church* from *Enthuſiaſtick Phanatciſm*, but it is to *cut off* the *Proteſtant Religion Root* and *Branch*, ſo as it is now *eſtabliſhed* by *Law*.

The Papiſts aim at the Proteſtant Religion root and branch.

Ralph. Why all this while they would fain perſwade me, that it was only the *Presbyterian Proteſtantiſm* that they aim'd to *root out*.

Hodg. You were a *blind fool* in the mean time then, I ſay their deſign is at *Archbiſhop* and *Biſhop*, as well as at *Jack Presbiter*; *Engliſh Lawn ſleeves* and *Circingle*

men

men ſhall meet with no more favour, when once *they* are uppermoſt, than turn'd up *Eye-lids*, and your *endeavouring Saints* after a more *thorow reformation.*

Ral. Why then, what will you make of this *Dialoguing* Pamphlet?

Hodg. Why what I ſhould do, that it is a perfect *Mock Cant* and Juggle, a meer *trap-ſtick* to bang the Phanaticks about. You ſee, the very firſt leaf of him preſents you with his main deſign, to *trouble* the *Waters* of our *peace* and *quiet*, that ſo he might *fiſh* in them the more *ſecurely* and paſs *undiſcovered.*

If the Pope owns he's in this plot, to be ſure he'll do what he can to make the world believe the *Phanatick* is much more ſo.

Ralph. Ay, but he owns himſelf to have a *ſmall hand* in the *Plot.*

Hodg. Very good; but it is with this *proviſo*, that if he be found up but to the *Ankles* in it, he'll make the Phanaticks wading as deep as to the *Loyns. I can proceed no further*, ſayes he, *than the firſt ſcene of a* Plot, *but I ſee Fate will reſerve the laſt Act to be your part*; and then he mentions his *Miſcarage* in 88. the Powder Plot, and that he ſhould have had no *better ſucceſs* in the *late Revolutions*, if He had not been greatly aſſiſted by his *Holineſs* the Presbyterians in carrying on the *War.*

The thoughts of a *High Court of Juſtice* revived.

Ralph. Yes, yes, I remember it; and he extolls mightily his *high Court of Juſtice* above that damned cowardly way the *Italians take*, of *Killing Kings* by Poiſon and Piſtolling.

Hodg. Ah, *Ralph*, That's only to fling up more dirt on that party, they're ſure ſomewhat will ſtick

by

by it: but yet, methinks, there's one thing *worth remarking* in't, and that is, That in all these *Treasons* the Pope is in to purpose, and he taxes the *Phanaticks* but of this last, *viz*, The Death of King CHARLES the first; and God knows, that was too much, if it be true that they did *take away* his life.

Ralph. Why, do'st make a doubt on't, Man?

Hodg. I can say nothing to it, for I'm not *old enough* to make a competent *Judgment* of the *transactions* then: but this I'm sure of, that the *Nation* smarts to *this day* for the sin of the Thirtieth of *January* in *forty eight*.

This Nation smarts deeply to this day for the sin of the 30 *Jan.* 48.

Ralph. Ay, ay, we have not yet paid the *full price* for *Royal blood*.

Hodg. No, so the *Papists* tell the *Church-men*; though if some *Reports* may be believed that are in *print*, I question much if they had not the *chief hand* in the *Actual beheading* of our *Kings Father*: but however, they have turn'd it off, like *Crafts-Masters*, upon the *Presbyterians*; as they would fain too this *Plot*, but all won't do yet.

Ralph. Why, That's it so confoundedly vexes them.

Hodg. True; but they do whatsoever they can to get 'em into the *trap*: Oh! they'd fain *blow* 'em up to a Flame; if they could but once make them *rise*, the *work* was done to their *hands*; but they find 'em such a company of *Restive Curs* that no *trick* or *Malice* can *move* 'em.

Papists would fain have us fall out among our selves.

Ralph. Oh! they are all *enlightened* now; and I warrant

warrant you for their ever offering to *rise*, unless they should see the *Papists* fall to *cutting of throats* once, and then I know not what they might do to *save* themselves.

Hodg. In troth, *Ralph*, if we don't look very well to our *hits*, I know not how far they'll venture to it, for they're as busie *Plotting* still as ever; and if they find that none of their *Designs* will take, who can tell what *dispair* and *rage* may *push* 'em on to?

Ralph. But If they should *Kill* the *King* at last, wo be to them.

To get the King cut off, they'd venture a Massacre.

Hodg. I know where you are, but, alas! they value not the *Parliaments* threats a *Rush*; No, no, if they could but by any means get the *King* once *assassinated*, they'd think it *worth the adventure of a Massacre*. And though they turn it to the *Phanaticks*, yet how daringly and impudently do they talk of another *High-Court of Justice*, and quote the late sad and dreadfull *president* for an Instance? and because we have had some of the *Traitors legally try'd, cast, condemn'd* and *executed*, therefore, forsooth, they would fain insinuate, we should not need *to fear any want of Lawyers* to plead for the Commons, *and to arraign the King*. Horrid! *The Scaffolds stand still at Westminster-Hall, and who knows for whom they wait?* and so he goes on in such *bloody Parallels*, that for my part, I dare not repeat 'em, but will say this, that if what he speaks there be not *Treason*, one may go to a very *insolent height* before a man shall reach it.

Who knows for whom the Scaffolds in *Westminster-hall* wait?

This Dialogue very near to Treason, if not down right Treason.

Ral.

Ral. Thou do'ſt very well, *Hodge*; for you know, though it's a Common, yet it's a *true Saying, That ſome Men can better actually ſteal a Horſe, than others may venture ſo much as to look on.* I ſhould as ſoon dare to *take* a *Leap* from off the *Monument*, as be the *Author* of that *damn'd Book.*

Hodg. Then he goes on, and ſays, though he may *remark the hints of Providence, or the ſigns of the times*, yet he fears *the event* will not prove according to his *fatal ſuggeſtions*: and how there does he laſh upon our *Preſent Parliament*, as being *of the ſame Genius with that of forty one!* One would think, were not he *cock-ſure* that the *Parliament* ſhould *never meet* again, or rather, that there *never* ſhould *be one* more, he durſt as well have ſet himſelf at the *mouth* of a mounted *Cannon*, as have *diſcharged* thoſe *baſe, reflecting words* upon 'em; when how is't poſſible their *tempers* ſhould be known, when they have not *once ſate yet?* Pag. 5. Ibid.

Ral. I find, *Hodge*, thou'rt a *ſhrew'd Dogg* grown.

Hod. Oh, h'has abus'd the *Parliament* in I know not how many places of his *Book*, he calls them in page 8. *the un-Educated Commons of* England; and it talks at a ſtrange rate of this

and the last *Parliament*. Sayes he, *pag.* 9. *The very Burre of* Popery *will conjure up a* Presbyterian Parliament: And in pag. 13. *We are secur'd of a House of Commons of our own temper, for we have baffled the Gentry and Clergy, and are become the grand Electors of* England. How does he laugh at our *last Parliament*, for setting up that pittiful *scare-Crow* of a *Vote*, that, *If the King should happen to come to any untimely death, they would immediately Revenge his Blood upon all the Papists in* England? let me be *hang'd* if I don't stand like a *Statue*, when e're I think of his *superlative boldness*.

vid. pag. 4.

Ral. 'Tis an Audacious fellow; but so they are all indeed: for no doubt he's a *Jesuit*, or at best, the *spawn* and *breed* of One; but we shall *unkennel* the *Fox* afore we have done, and to all discreet and understanding men, make him as *odious* as he *really deserves* to be.

Hodg. I wish some persons, *Ralph*, would but believe what I could plainly demonstrate to them concerning them.

Ral. But you must never expect to convert all. --- But proceed.

Hodg. Well, I say this *Book* is all of an *Entire Piece* from one end to the other, wherein the *Au-*

thor

thor makes it his *main buſineſs* to take the *Charge* off from the *POPE* as much as he can, the more *thunderingly* to Clap it upon the *PHANATICK*.

Ral. What, this *PLOT*?

Hodg. Ay, of *Killing* the *King*, *Cancelling* the *Laws*, *altering the Religion*, and *overthrowing* the *Government*. Alas! he makes the *Great God at Rome* to be as poor a little *harmleſs Devil*, as a *Whelp new puppied*: But the *Geneva Night-cap* is *the Roaring Lyon* with him, the *Apocryphal Spawn of Bell and the Dragon*, *the ſhame of humanity*, *the ſcandal of Chriſtendome*, *the Plague of Governments*, *the Beaſt and the falſe Prophet*, *and his Numbers are the Locuſts that came out of the bottomleſs Pit*, *the perfection of Impudence*, *Impiety*, *and Hypocriſy*, *p.* 16. And ſo indeed he makes him ſpeak all throughout, juſt according to this *Character*.

The Pope a very harmleſs old Gentleman, the Phanatick is the Devil.

Ral. But is not this *damn'd Knavery*, to rail and beſpatter ſo?

Hod. No, no; he that can't *abuſe* and *lye* for his *Cauſe*, never deſerves the honour to be concerned in one: A *Cauſe*, *Ralph*, is a man's *Miſtriſs*; and what, would n't you have a man *beſtir* himſelf bravely for the *Conqueſt*? but beſide, you know who ſays, *it is a lawful Policy*

Policy to leſſen the Reputation of an Enemy.

to leſſen the Reputation of an Enemy by any way in the world. *Stratagem* is accounted one of the moſt *commendable Excellencies* belonging to *War*.

Ral. But to *write* ſo notoriouſly *falſe* ====

Hod. He knows there are Eaſy, *believing Fools* enow, let him ſay what he will.

The Death of the Archbiſhop in *Scotland* diſcours'd on.

Ral. But, prethee *Hodge*, let me ask you; what do'ſt think of that cruel *killing* of the *Archbiſhop* in *Scotland*? I could ne're well tell what to make on't, but 'twas huſh'd up, methought, a little too ſoon: And here the Rogue, for ought as I know, ſpeaks the truth, when he ſays, *He ſees a Phanatick may Murther with leſs Noiſe, and greater Priviledg than a Jeſuit.* p. 5.

Not comparable to the killing of Sir *E. B. G.*

Hodg. Who! the *Caſe* between that *Archbiſhop*, and their *murther* of Sir *Edmund-bury-Godfrey* here, is no more to be *compared* than *Chalk* is to *Cheeſe*: But I don't love to *revive* old *ſtories*, or rake in the *Aſhes* of the *Dead*, or I could tell you what I have heard of the *Former*; but however, he was *kill'd* by ſome *private grudg* for ſome *Injury* that they conceiv'd he had done 'em *heretofore*.

The former was (as 'tis thought) ſome private grudg

Ral. Ha, was it ſo?

Hodg. 'Tis thus credibly *reported*, but I won't *aſſert* the *truth* on't. But the murdering of that

Wor-

Worthy Knight was ſuch a *piece* of *Villainous Treachery*, that it can ſcarce be *matched* in *ſtory* again; and ſo all the *Judges*, and indeed all *England* have ſaid on't. And that was done to carry on the more *ſecurely this Helliſh Plot*; and they ſhew'd us by *him*, how they would have *ſerv'd* us *all*, from the *King* to the *Cobler*, if they had us once but at their *Mercy*. They are ſuch *blood-drawers* as will give no *Quarter*.

This to carry on the *Popiſh* plot: Scarce Matchable in ſtory.

They'd ſerve us all ſo if they could.

Ral. But yet, let me tell you, they're *damnable timerous* of the *laſt Parliament's Vote* againſt them, and they dare not *take* away the *King* by *violence*, for fear of their own *Bacon*.

Hod. No, therefore they'd fain run us on to the times of *Forty One*, and ſo again: d'ye mark their *hints*? and all's upon the *Phanaticks*, as if it was only *their Principles* to cut off *Princes*.

Fain drive us to 41.

Ral. He'd have the world believe ſo.

Hod. Ay, you ſhall hear how he makes the *Phanatick* ſpeak. *When a Prince deveſts himſelf of Royal Power and Prerogative by Conceſſions, and Condeſcenſions; or when a Mighty Parliament have beaten or Dethroned the King, then to deſtroy him, is no more* Regicide *than to ſhoot through the*

ſign of the King's Head, or ſtab the Picture of his Majeſty, pag. 5, 6. To which the *POPE* complimentally anſwers, *Well, I will ſay you out-do the whole world in Politicks, if you can bring two Kings to the Bar in one Age.* And the plain *Engliſh* of all this, is only to *vizar-mask* the buſineſs; and if they can any how procure the Deſtruction of *Charles the Second*, (as no queſtion's to be made on't, but that they had the greateſt hand in the death of *Charles the Firſt*, then to lay it wholly again on his now ſeemingly moſt dearly beloved Brother the *Phanatick*, if they ſhould not be able to go on any further; or elſe (which they ſorely *thirſt after*) to make our *ſtreets* an *Aceldama* with our own *gore*. But I hope *God Almighty* will *defeat* all ſuch *wicked reaches*, or, if it muſt *light* any where, will let it *fall* upon their *own pates*.

And to get this King to be brought to to the Bar too.

And to fill our ſtreets with our own blood.

Ralph. Amen, I pray *God*.

Hodg. Than to work he goes with a Certain *Noble-Gentleman* as he calls him, a *perſon*, it ſeemes, that *out-wits* them in all their *Contrivances*, and whom, I warrant, they wiſh the *Devil* had with all their hearts, for his *ſtanding* in their *way* ſo. and *plaguily ſpoiling* all their *miſchievous intentions*. But I wiſh we had a hundred of e'm.

There's an unlucky Gentleman, that Croſs-bars them in their deſigns.

Ral.

Ral. Prithee now, can'ſt tell who 'tis?

Hodg. Nay, I *bar* the *Dice* there, Good *Ralph*. You know it's *dangerous nameing* of *perſons*; but I would he had *blurted out* this *Gentlemans* name, (if't had not been a *ſcandalum*) that we might not be put ſo to the *gueſſing* at him, and it may be *miſs* the *mark* after all.

Ral. Well, well, but I have a luſty *long ſnout* of my own.

Hodg. Keep it to thy ſelf then.

Ral. So I will; but do'ſt mind how he *ſquitches* the *Church of England* away too? calling it *that Church that is rude to the Saints, and will worſhip nothing in* Heaven *but God, and nothing upon* Earth *but the King and his two Idols of Prerogative and Supremacy*; *thoſe pagan Teraphims, to which*, ſays the Pope, *You and I will never bow*; *'Tis the ruin of this Church, that I do chiefly intend*; *and if the King falls in the Quarrel, he dies by accident*, *pag.* 6.

Their ſquitching away the Church of *England*, under the diſguiſe of Phanaticks, to make them the more odious.

Hodg. This is the ſame *Haloo* ſtill: he'd fain ſet us together by the Ears, as I have told you, and then he'd come *ſwimmingly* in, and *ſweep* away the *ſtakes*. But I'm apt to think his deſign there won't take for all that. Admit all that he ſays of the *Churches Corruption* were *true*, which You know is *notoriouſly Falſe*; does

Admitting the Church to be in ſome things corrupt (which muſt never be granted) yet ſo long as it remains entire for ſubſtance, it ought not to be forſaken.

does he think the *Phanaticks* ſuch *Buffle-heads* and *Buzzards*, as not to know that *Gods Ordinances, remaining for ſubſtance perfect and entire, ought not to be forſaken, becauſe of ſome faults in the Adminiſtrators, or in the way of their Adminiſtration. The Adminiſtration of God's Ordinances belong not to the People, but to the Miniſter; and if he fail in his duty, by Adminiſtring them in a way that is not fit, and it may be not ſo edifying; it is my grief, but his Sin.* Hophni, *and* Phineas, *were corrupt in their Lives; and brought in much corruption into the Service of God, and rudeneſs into his* Worſhip: *Yet* Elkanah, Hannah, *and many others of the Godly did nevertheleſs attend that* Worſhip *and Sanctuary,* 1 Sam. 1. 2. *And much Corruption was crept into both the Doctrine and* Worſhip *of the* Jewes, *as alſo into the lives of the Adminiſtrators in the Church; yet our Saviour, though he ſtill cry'd down their Corruptions, and would not joyn in them, yet he never forbad Communion with them in God's true* Worſhip, *but joined with them in all the ſubſtantial parts, and injoin'd others ſo to do.* And I hope ſo we ſhall all, and *never* fall to *pieces* among our *ſelves*, only becauſe *ſome* of us cannot come up in *all things* to the *height* of the *Church*.

Rat. No doubt but we ſhall; and as for the

" *Furious*

"Furious Zealots, (as Dr. *Saywel* ſayes in his *Original of all Plots in Chriſtendome*, &c. *the Epiſtle to all true Engliſh-Men*) "that mingle Religion with ſecu-"lar Government, and go about by violence "and bloodſhed, to plant their private Opini-"ons, and overturn Kingdomes and States; "deſtroy men's Lives and Fortunes, Laws and "Government, under pretence of Conſcience "and Religion; they ought to be ſubdued as "common Enemies to Mankind.

Such diſturbers of our Peace, are the common Enemies of Mankind.

Hodg. Abſolute *Dominion* and *Rule* is at the *bottom* of all; *Religion* is only the *Guilded bait* by which they *indeavour* to *delude People*.

Ral. Ay, the *Religion* of the *Papiſts* is to have our *Throats*, that ſo they may the more *infallibly* poſſeſs themſelves of our *Mannors* and *Lordſhips*. But we are too much *awakened*, I think, to be gull'd by them at this *time o'day*. There are *Poſted within the Eſtabliſhed Church*, *ſo many unconforming Miniſters now*, that *we have*, as it were, *reduced many hundred Pariſh-Churches into Conventicles*, and their *Service and Aſſemblies* ſcarce *look like the Church of* England as to the ſtrictneſs of it.

What, the Religion of the *Papiſts* is here.

Pag. 7.

Pag. 8.

Hod. Yes, and you believe him, I warrant?

Ral. Why, does he *Juggle* here too?

Hod. He *Juggles* every where; he's a great *Hocus Pocus* man all over. He knows, *a house divided against it self cannot stand*, and therefore he puts *all* his *shoulders* to the work of *dividing* us: He not only *distinguishes* between *Protestants* and *Protestants*, but between *Church-men* and *Church-men*; and there he has his *high-Ropes* and *low-Ropes* among them: Oh, says he, (*pag* 8.) 'If 'any high Church of *England* man, wen he en-'ters a Cathedral should pay the Homage of 'Adoration, if there be a Candlestick or an 'Eagle of Brass in the Quire, I make the world 'believe that he Worships the Brasen Serpent; 'or if there be at the East end some fine pain-'ted faces with gilded wings, then I perswade 'my Proselytes, that the bowing that way, 'is the superstitious humility or worshipping of 'Angels, which the Apostle condemns. And then, if *He* be *a Gown and Cassock-man* (which I hope he is *not* for the *honour* of the *Clergy*,) and any man of the *Church* be more *peaceable* and *quiet*, a less mettled *Cock-Sparrow*, and *hot-spur*, more *sober* and *moderate*, than his fierce *Worship*; strait he's become a *Mushroome*, an *Unconforming-Minister*, a *Conventicling Preacher* that *gains upon the people with* his *Spiritual Fancies*, *well-sounding words*, *fine*

Their great Work is, to distinguish betwixt Church-Men, and to divide them if possible.

Bl. Law. L.

fine Enthuſiaſmes and Allegories, thoſe priſmes of Divinity. p. 7.

Ral. I find there's a *great deal* requiſite to the *right underſtanding* of this *Man*; but you *ſcent* him *perfectly.*

Hodg. This, he things, *is* another *ſucceſſful ſtratagem to betray and Confound the Church*: But he has a *thouſand* of them; it is *almoſt impoſſible* for the *Devil* himſelf to *reach* and *underſtand* all the *Fineſſes* of one that is throughly *Jeſuit-ridden.* *Pag. 7.*

Ral. Well, and pray what's his *next point?*

Hodg. Then he comes *full drive* to *Popularity*; and (Oh!) what a *ſweet* and *excellent* thing *that* is. His *firſt Act* to attain it *is a form of Godlineſs, the only form he values in the world.* Popularity is another great Stratagem with the *Papiſt.* *Pag. 7.*

Ral. Let me be a *Jew* if I don't *believe* him now, for I warrant he'll *ne're* come a near the *power* on't.

Hod. No, he *finds that a diſſembled Piety does more abundantly ſerve his intereſt*, (and it is Intereſt he only drives at) *than a ſtrict ſincerity, which is therefore juſtly called the ſimplicity of Religion*: it *wins upon the Vulgar, and the Style and Formality of Holyneſs*, he ſays, *has done him as much ſervice in* England, *as it does the Pope at Rome.* Which is firſt attained by a form of Godlineſs. *Pag. 7.*

His design with popularity.

Ral. And what is his *design* with *Popularity*?

Hod. Why *Ralph*, his *design* with that, is, to set up the *people* upon the *ticklish Pinacle* of *high Opinion*: Oh! *Liberty*, *Property*, all is *theirs*, and *what*? Shall they give up their *Birth-right Inheritances*? Shall they suffer *tamely* their *dear Priviledges* to be taken away from them, and become *slaves* and *vassals* to the *Almighty Power* of an *Arbitrary will*?

Raising fears of *Arbitrary* Government.

Ral. Prithee, *Hodg*, thou *banters't* now.----*Arbitrary* Government! *Absolute* Power! These are meer *Figments*, *Castles* in the *Air*, the *sick dreams* of *Extravagant Fancies*;---Why, these sure are never likely to *down* with the *people*.

Hod. Not *down* with the *people*? He'd near make use of them then. But he *finds*, he says, (p. 12.) *This state Mormo of Arbitrary Government does still fright the populacy of* England, for they *are unconsidering Animals*.

Ral. But not such *Totty-heads* yet, as to be led by the *Nose* by him.

Monarchy, & the Church but one work, and therefore to be blown up both together.

Hod. The Monarchy and Church of England, *as they are now Established*, he says, (p. 12.) *are but one work, and stand upon the same bottom*, and therefore his great business is, to get *the mine to spring well*,

well, for he knows then, *both must blow up together*; Now you shall see what he does *further* to *effect* it.

Ral. Ah! go thy ways for a *Cunning Dog*; Thou *ripp'st* him up most *gallantly*.

Hod. The *Phanatick*, you must know, He is to speak all the *Roguery*, to make him as *odious* as he can to the *Church*; and he is to tell you, that the *High Conformist is* only *qualifi'd with little Learning and great Immoralities*, that he's *Ignorant* and *Debauched*, a great *leaner* towards *Popery*, and the *Church of* England *is* so well a wisher to it, *that she's advanced within one hours sail of* Rome: To answer this, the high-flown *Church-man* must *retort*, that he is an *Abominator* of all *Cant* and *Tone*, that he is not *Seditious*, *Rebellious*, and a *Petitioner*; but as he lives under a good and gracious *King*, so he is not *dissatisfi'd at the present times*, nor has he any *despair of better*. This makes bandings, fewds, heats, and divisions on both sides, and each becomes so much the weaker, by their Separation; the *half-witted Gentle-man* (as he calls them) *are easy and credulous* enough, and he *can impose upon them what he pleases*, *especially in the fears and jealousies of Popery*: *so that if he should raise a Report*, that

Pag. 8. What with him a High *Conformist* is.

Ibid. And then the H.Ch. of *England's* Man Character of a *Phanatick* by him.

This one great way to stir up heats and feuds, and to weaken parties. *Ibid.*

Pag. 13. Another way to set the Gentlemen together by the Ears, or else to make 'em believe nothing of all this Plot.

the Pope had by his Conjuring Power of Transubstantiation Transformed an hundred Thousand men into Rooks and Crows, and ordered, that flying Army to Randezvouz at Black-heath, and there to shake off their Plumes and appear in Arms, he is confident there are thousands would believe the story.

Ral. Ay, I remember it. But what a *rank* piece of *Impudence* is this!

Hodg. O! 'tis *nothing* with him, so he can but *gain* his *reach*, and that is two-fold, to make 'em *mad* by *affronting* them thus, and so he hopes upon *that score* they'l go to *Fisty-cuffs*, and then he has his ends; or, if that won't do his business, to make 'em happily *incredulous*, and believe *nothing* of all this *Plot*, (as a recompence for their *already* believing *so much* on't,) until they feel the *effect* light upon 'em, and *too late* to their own *cost* find, they are *utterly ruin'd* and *undone* by such *insensibility*. And for the *King*, says he, *it will not require so much of the black Art to render this* King *odious, as it did to sully the Reputation of his Father.* pag. 12.

What high affronts are cast upon his Majesty.

Ral. Oh Deviliſh!

Hog. And all this is to *set* the *People* against the *King*, and to make the *King* angry with his *People*, if he can; and *that point* gain'd, Good-

Good-night *England*. Thus you ſee, the *King* and *Parliament*, the *Church* and *People*, I mean, according to the *preſent Eſtabliſhment* of *Conſtitutions* are *all* as the one ſingle *mark* at which he ſo treacherouſly *ſhoots*.

Ral. Yes, I could not but take notice of his *irreverent* ſpeaking of the *King* ſeveral times, eſpecially about his *Parliaments*.

Their aim is at us all, King and Parliament, Church and People, to put us into a ferment among our ſelves.

Hod. Ay, in *pag.* 4. he has this *unmannerly Phraſe*, (I almoſt have a Horrour to repeat it,) *the King's bold Proroguing and diſſolving of Parliaments*: and again *pag.* 14. he ſays, *The King perverſly retains that Reprobating Power of Prorogation and Diſſolution, and begins to learn how; and when to uſe it.* Well, when he has ſaid this of the *King*, on purpoſe to inſinuate into him, as if this was the *general Clamour* and *Voice* of the *People*, and ſo to ſtir him up againſt them; then he comes to the *people*, well, *Gentlemen*, here's like to be an end of all *Parliaments* now, for they won't do as the *King* would have 'em, and he is *ſorely diſpleaſed* with 'em, and therefore you'd as good ne're expect their *ſitting* more, unleſs you could find out ſome *new contrivance* or other; and I know not what that muſt be, for my part: There's no courſe to be taken as

Pag. 14. I can think of, except you can *diſtreſs the King*, and *bring him into Neceſſities*; That way perhaps may recover us our *Parliaments*, for *he can have*

Ibid. *no money without 'em*; and this is to urge the people into an *Inſurrection*, and ſo into a *Rebellion* againſt their *Prince*, and then they have us at *Forty One* again.

Ral. I am ſenſible now they have *planted their Batteries* with all the *Artifice* and *Cunning* they could deviſe, but yet they ſee *nothing* can make us take *Fire*.

Hodg. No, the *Nation* is *reſolved* to be *quiet*, let 'em *Plot* on to the *Devil* an they will.

Ral. Ay, ay, and though he ſayes, he has *already*

Pag. 12. *prepared the people for Rebellion by Fears and Jealouſies of Arbitary Power*, yet he'll find himſelf *curſedly* miſtaken.

Next is, the *Chapter* of Petitions. *Hod.* In the next place, he falls upon the *Chapter* of *Petitions*, and there he ſayes, *though*

Pag. 14. *I would not have the Nation agree in One Common Form of Prayer to God Almighty*, (for that would eſtabliſh *Unity*, and that is *Hell* and *Damnation* to him, and defeats his *Stratagems* indeed,) *yet I will*

If he can, to make half the Nation for 'em, and half againſt 'em ſtill to divide us. *perſwade all the Countyes of* England *to Combine in One Petition to the King for the Seſſion of a Parliament*. And wherefore is he ſo *Zealous* for *this*,

which would very much content *many* of the *people* of *England*, but only becauſe he ſees as *yet* the *King* does not think it fit (and he's the *beſt Judge* ſure in this Caſe) for them to meet? So that he would have them be in the mean time, *Tumultuary* and *Mutinous*, *Petitioning* and *Noiſy*, *diſturbing* the *Peace* of his *Sacred Majeſty*, whom (like *Hail fellow well met* with him) he terms, *the Gentleman at White-Hall*, in hopes that if the *King* (may I have his Pardon, if I uſe another of this *Authors* bold Words, only to ſhew his *Impudent Irreverence*?) *ſhall affront the leading Petitioners, the whole Aſſociation will be Obliged to take the Field in Defence of Liberty, Property, and Petitions.* Pag. 15. Pag. 15.

Ral. Ay, ther's the *Point* he *drives* at: bring it but once up to another *ſtanding Army*, and he'll be your moſt *humble Servant*, or what you will.

Hodg. Well, to *equipoiſe* this, he ſets up *another Party*, and they *Damn* all *Petitions* to the *Pit of Hell* for the ſitting of the *Parliament*; and I pray what's the Reaſon? Why he tells you, becauſe that unleſs *the Supream Wiſdom* of the *King, contrive ſome more quiet or ſafer Method of* Elections, *He muſt ſuffer the* Eternal *Affronts of* Pag. 17.

He sayes, The King will never have a Parliament, but what shall be affrontive, & ill humoured to him.

Ill-humour'd Parliaments, The plain *English* on't is this, with *submission to better Judgments*, That, if this be not, all the other *Future* will be *Affrontive*, *Ill-humoured* Parliaments to the King, and he must *eternally suffer their Affronts*, if he can't find out a way, to take the *priviledg* of *Electting* from those *people* to whom it *hereditarily* belongs, and *invest* himself with it, and make it become a *peculiar Prerogative* to him. Whether this be not a perswading of the *King* to an *Invasion* on One of the *Fundamental Rights* of his *People* I will not *peremptorily* Determine; But I do think, if the King should in his *supream Wisdom* take this *Method*, the *House of Commons* could never be right called the *Peoples Representative*, and when ever they should go up to offer him any *Bill* of *Supply*, their *Speaker* could not say, The whole Commons of *England* present Your *Majesty* with so much *Money*, &c. as Now it is generally said, upon such an Occasion.

Therefore, were his Advice to be follow'd, the people should no longer injoy their right, to elect Members, but it should wholly rest in the King.

The Consequence of that.

Ral. Why, all this is spoke by an honest *Cavalier*, Man, One that, as the *Pope Damns for a Heretick, his Brother Phanatick Blasphemes for a Papist, but though the next Successor to the Crown should come from* Rome *or* Leyden, *he would*

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never

never be a Rebel, nor ſhould all the Power or Prerogative upon Earth, ever Oblidge him to be either *Papiſt or Presbyterian*: He is a *friend to Biſhop and Liturgies, decent Rites and Ceremonies in publick Worſhip.*

Hodg. Ay, but he is a *Friend* to all this of the *Author's* Make and Conſtitution. I believe a *Right* honeſt *Cavalier*, (ſuch as he would fain have him *Repreſent*) would never have mentioned ſuch an Oration, vvhich he ſayes vvas made by *Mecænas* to *Auguſtus Cæſar*, *wherein he adviſed him to Aſſume the Monarchy, but wiſely ſuggeſted to him, That he ſhould not make his ſudden Paſſions and ſingle Will, the Laws and Edicts of his* Empire, *but to provide a Graver Senate, that ſhould be his Grand Council in the Important Affairs of Government, a Conſulting with whom, would ad Weight and Solemnity to his Imperial Sanctions, but then he added this Politick Caution* (and this he principally intends, and hints at by this Story) *That he ſhould never grant the People that dangerous Favour to* Elect *the Members of this Senate* (and it ſeems our *People* of *England* have had this *dangerous Favour* a *very long* time, and I believe would be *very loath to have* it *taken away* from them Now, vvithout ſome good

The Oration of *Mecænas* to *Auguſtus Cæſar* cited for this purpoſe. *Pag.* 17.

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ſubſtantial Reaſons for it) *For then*, (ſayes he) *Your Empire will be expoſed to popular Factions and Tumults; every Election will ferment the Humours of the Populacy*, (But that *Government* and *ours*, I hope, were not both alike) *and occaſion ſuch Convulſions in the State, that you will never be ſecure of any Safety at home, or Glory abroad.* The *Application* I ſhall not concern my ſelf with.

The Government of *Rome*, and Ours, not all one.

Ral. No, it is eaſy enough for any one to make, without your further *Expoſitory Comments*. But hark ye, *Hodge*; Do'ſt mind his *Cloſing Touch?*

He'd have the Court believe at laſt a *Phanatick* Army was coming upon them.

Hodg. Yes, yes, he'd make the *Court* believe nothing leſs is coming upon 'em than a *Phanatick-Army*: And (ſays he) if that ſhould prove *Tryumphant, nothing can be expected, but the Extirpation of the Monarchy, and all the Loyall Nobility, Clergy, and Gentry.* And nothing, o'my Conſcience, at this day, is leſs thought upon by 'em, as far as any thing can enter into my *Prognoſticks. We do therefore declare*, goes he on (right or wrong, he would have it ſo; and if can't make the *Phanaticks*, he'll pretend at leaſt, that he is able to make the *Cavalier*-Party riſe; and it's all one to him, whither begins the Fray; for he is ſure, either way to be

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And therefore he'd have them to haſt to their Arms.

be a Gainer by the Quarrel) *that we will ſpeedily furniſh our ſelves with Arms and Ammunition for us, and our Dependants:* (Oh, this would be Sack and Sugar to him!) *And upon the firſt Notice of a Rebellion,* (if it be not of the *Author*'s own Raiſing, and Gang of *Papiſts*, I think, we have no others to fear at preſent) *we will repair to the Royall-Standard,* &c. Here is *Forty-One* again juſt, as it has been all along throughout his *Book*: But ſince he has been ſo plainly detected, I hope we ſhall all as induſtriouſly make it our Buſineſs to defeat this his Artifice and Endeavour, in ſpight of all his Inſinuations to the contrary; *To keep the Unity of the Spirit in the Bond of Peace.* And "*There* "*ſure can be no likelyhood,* (ſayes the Ingenious "Dr. *Saywell*, whom you hinted juſt now: *pag.* 311, 312.) "that the Government will be "tempted to make any Laws of Indulgence, "or to do any thing, that may look like a "Tendancy toward a Complyance with their "Novelties: (as indeed the *Papiſts* Tenets are "no better.) For the Religion which they pro-"feſs, is ſo linked to a Forreign Intereſt, that "that there can be no Hopes of making any "Compoſition with them, without giving our

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And upon the firſt Notice of a Rebellion (which I hope we all ſhall do if any ſhould break out) repair to the Royal Standard.

But I hope none of theſe his Artifices ſhall prevail upon any of us, to make us Mutiny.

" Selves, and the whole Nation, to be Vaſ-
" ſals and Slaves to a Forreign Power, and with-
" out great danger to our Souls and Fortunes.
" All the poſſible Deliberation about them, is,
" firſt to ſecure our ſelves as much as we
" can, from their Tyranny; and then to take
" the moſt effectual Courſe, to bring over
" the Sobereſt of them to the Obedience of
" the Church of *England*: And it is the Du-
" ty of us all, to do what we can, toward
" the Securing that Excellent *Church*, and that
" pure and primitive Worſhip of God, which
" by the Piety of our Anceſtors was firſt
" ſettled amongſt us, and hath hitherto been
" maintained.

But that we ſhall all indeavour to be obedient to the Church.

Ral. But, *Hodge*, we forget one thing all this time, and that is, we ſhould make a third Man come in, and quarrel with us.

Hodg. No, we have talk'd too Honeſtly for that: But if we had been ſuch ill Perſons to the *Government*, as the *Pope* and *Phanatick* were, I ſhould have ſaid nothing, if Mr. *Loyalty* had ſtept in, and reprehended us as we had deſerved. Now, *Ralph*, for a Cloſing Sentence,

by

by way of Advice, and thou ſhalt never repent on't, if thou followeſt it: Do but Read that Learned Man, Biſhop *Uſher*'s Power of the Prince, and Obedience of the Subject, and follow thoſe Rules Religiouſly; and I warrant, thou'lt be a made Man for ever. And ſo, *God b'w'ye.*

FINIS.

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